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organized and walked home. John had left his bike out in order to give me a ride but I decided to walk and not to ask him to drive down the hill in the cold. He planned on spending the day at the National Guard armory from what I understand, to get a feel for the military situation. I hope he doesn't come to the conclusion that he should join the army. He seems to be casting about these days and I hope he doesn't decide that the army is the anchor he needs just at the moment. We shall see. Not long after I arrived back at 1:30 P.M. I was in bed and I didn't get out of bed on Sunday the 25th until about 10 A.M. Very exhausted from the punishing riding on the cycle in the cold. I decided not to attend Church this morning. Rather I would and did work at my desk, which is what I have done most all day. Many loose ends to be tied up, not the least of which is this account of my life on 9/22-24/83 -- I note that these pages are all headed "September 24" and they should be headed "September 25" because they were all written on 9-25-83-Sunday. Jean Colville called me twice today; Janice (Glaser) Carter, and Faythe Weaver also telephoned. Bob Tomaine stopped by at 8 P.M. and ^{we} went down to Mister Donut for a coffee break. Today has been one of those catch-up days, which I need every few days. All day long WVIA has been on and I have been listening to lovely Sunday afternoon type classical music, including a beautiful performance of Debussy's "La Mer" in mid-afternoon. I called HLP at about 2 P.M. and she reported that RTP is healing nicely. He is out of intensive care now and in "intermediate" care, I believe it is called. He is eating regular food (no IV) and getting out of bed several times a day. No word yet on the tumor: malignant or benign. That will probably be announced this week. Heaven help us. And see it now (Sunday night) this will be a very very busy week. I need more time to myself. I have to figure out a way to get more time to organize my life.